

T H E
INSTALMENT.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,

Knight of the Most Noble Order
of the G A R T E R.

Quæsitam Meritis ?

HOR.

By E. YOUNG, L. L. D.



D U B L I N:

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T H E
INSTALMENT.

W ITH *Invocations* some their breasts inflame ;
I need no *Muse*, a WALPOLE is my Theme.

Ye mighty Dead ! Ye Garter'd sons of *Praise* !
Our *Morning stars* ! our Boast in *former* days !
Which hovering o'er, your purple wings display,
Lur'd by the Pomp, of this distinguish'd day,
Stoop, and Attend : by One, the *Knee* be bound ;
One, throw the *Mantle*'s crimson folds around ;
By That, the *Sword* on his proud Thigh be plac'd ;
This, clasp the *Diamond-Girdle* round his Waste ;

His Breast, with Rays, let just *Godolphin* spread ;
 Wife *Burleigh* plant the Plumage on his Head ;
 And *Edward* own, since first He fixt the Race,
 None prest fair Glory with a swifter Pace.

When Fate would call some mighty Genius forth
 To wake a drooping Age to godlike Worth,
 Or aid some favourite King's illustrious Toil,
 It bids his *Blood* with generous Ardour boyl ;
 His Blood, from Virtue's celebrated Source,
 Pour'd down the Steep of Time, a lengthen'd Course !
 That Men *prepar'd* may just Attention pay,
 Warn'd by the Dawn to mark the glorious Day,
 When all the scatter'd Merits of his Line
 Collected to a Point, intensely shine.

See, *Britain*, see thy *WALPOLE* shine from far,
 His azure Ribbon, and his radiant Star ;
 A Star that, with auspicious Beams, shall guide,
 Thy Vessel safe, thro' Fortune's roughest Tide.

If *Peace* still smiles, by *this*, shall *Commerce* steer
 A finish'd Course, in triumph round the Sphere ;



And

And gathering Tribute from each distant Shore,
In *Britain's* lap, the world's Abundance pour.

If *War's* ordain'd, *this* Star shall dart its beams
Thro' that black Cloud, which rising from the *Thames*,
With thunder, form'd of *Brunswick's* Wrath, is sent
To *Claim* the Seas, and *Awe* the Continent :
This shall direct it, where the Bolt to throw,
A Star for *Us*, a Comet to the *Foe*.

At this the Muse shall *Kindle*, and *Aspire* :
My breast, O *WALPOLE*, glows with grateful fire
The streams of Royal bounty, turn'd by Thee,
Refresh the dry domains of Poesy.
My fortune shews, when Arts are *WALPOLE's* care,
What slender worth forbids us to despair :
Be this thy partial smile from censure free ;
'Twas meant for *Merit*, tho' it fell on *Me*.

Since *Brunswick's* smile has authoriz'd my Muse,
Chaste be her conduct, and sublime her views.
False praises are the Whoredoms of the pen,
Which prostitute fair Fame to worthless men :

This

This Prophanation of celestial fire,
 Makes Fools despise, what Wisemen should admire.
 Let those I praise, to distant times be known,
 Not by their *Author's* merit, but their *own*.
 If others think the task is hard, to weed
 From verse, rank Flattery's vivacious seed,
 And rooted-deep ; one means *must* fet them free ;
 Patron ! and Patriot ! let them sing of Thee.

While vulgar Trees ignobler *Honours* wear,
 Nor Those retain, when Winter chills the Year ;
 The generous *Orange*, Favourite of the Sun,
 With vigorous charms can *thro'* the Seasons run ;
 Defies the Storm with her *tenacious* Green ;
 And Flowers and Fruits in rival pomp are seen :
 Where blossoms fall, still fairer blossoms spring ;
 And midst their Sweets the *Feather'd* poets sing.

On WALPOLE, thus, may pleas'd *Britannia* view
 At once her Ornament, and Profit too ;
 The *fruit* of Service, and the *bloom* of Fame,
Matur'd, and gilded by the royal Beam.
 He, when the niping Blasts of *Envy* rise,
 Its Guilt can pity, and its Rage despise ;

Lets fall no *Honours*, but securely Great
 Unfaded holds the *Colour* of his Fate :
 No Winter knows, tho' ruffling *Factions* press ;
 By wisdom deeply *Rooted* in Success :
 * One Glory shed, a *brighter* is display'd ;
 And the charm'd Muses shelter in his *Shade*.

O How I long, enkindled by the Theme,
 In deep Eternity to launch thy name !
 Thy name in view, no Rights of Verse I plead,
 But what chaste *Truth* indites, old *Time* shall read.

“ BEHOLD ! a man of antient Faith, and Blood,
 “ Which, soon, beat high for *arts*, and *publick-good* :
 “ Whose Glory *great*, but *natural* appears,
 “ The genuine Growth of *services* and *years* ;
 “ No sudden Exhalation drawn on high
 “ And fondly gilt by partial Majesty :
 “ One bearing greatest Toils, with greatest ease ;
 “ One born to *serve* us, and yet born to *please* ;
 “ Whom, while our Rights in equal scales he lays,
 “ The Prince may *trust*, and yet the People *praise* ;
 “ His Genius ardent, yet his Judgment clear,
 “ His Tongue is flowing, and his Heart sincere,

“ His

Lets * *Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.*

" His Council guides, his Temper cheers our Isle,
 " And smiling, gives three Kingdoms cause to smile.

Joy then to *Britain*, blest with such a Son ;
 To WALPOLE Joy, by whom the *Prize* is won ;
 Who nobly-conscious *meets* the smiles of Fate ;
 True Greatness lies in daring to be Great.
 Let *dastard Souls*, or *Affectation* run
 To shades, nor wear bright Honours fairly won ;
 Such men prefer, misled by *false* applause,
 The *Pride* of *modesty* to Virtue's cause.
 Honours, which make the Face of Virtue fair.
 'Tis Great to merit, and 'tis Wise to wear ;
 'Tis holding up the Prize to Publick view,
 Confirms Grown Virtue, and inflames the New ;
 Heightens the Lustre of *our* age and clime,
 And sheds rich seeds of worth for *future* Time.

PROUD Chiefs alone, in fields of Slaughter fam'd,
 Of old, this *azure Bloom* of Glory claim'd.
 As when stern *Ajax* pour'd a purple flood,
 The *Violet* rose, fair Daughter of his blood.
 Now rival *Wisdom* dares the Wreath divide,
 And *both Minervas* rise in equal pride ;

Proclaiming loud, a Monarch fills the Throne,
Who shines Illustrious, not in Wars alone.

LET *Fame* look lovely in *Britannia's* eyes;
They coldly court *Désert*, who *Fame* despise.
For what's *Ambition*, but fair *Virtue's* *Sail*?
And what *Applause*, but her propitious *Gale*?
When swell'd with that, she fleets before the wind
To glorious aims, as to the *Port* design'd;
When chain'd, without it, to the labouring *Oar*,
She toils! she pants! nor gains the flying *shore*,
From her sublime Pursuits, or turn'd aside
By *blasts* of *Envy*, or by *Fortune's* *tyde*:
For one that has succeeded, Ten are lost,
Of *equal* Talents, e'er they make the Coast.

THEN let *Renown* to *Worth* divine incite
With all her beams, but throw those beams *aright*.
Then *Merit* droops, and *Genius* downward tends,
When godlike *Glory*, like our *Land*, *descends*.
Custom, the *Garter* long confin'd to *Few*;
And gave to *Birth*, exalted *Virtue's* due:

WALPOLE has thrown the proud Enclosure down ;
 And high Desert *embraces* fair Renown.
 Tho' *rival'd*, let the Peerage *smiling* see
 (Smiling, in Justice to their *own* Degree,)

This proud reward by Majesty bestow'd
 On Worth like *that*, whence first the Peerage flow'd,
 From frowns of Fate *Britannia's* bliss to guard
 Let Subjects *merit*, and let Kings reward,
 Gods are *most* Gods by *giving to excel* ;
 And Kings most like them, by *rewarding well*.

Tho' strong the twanging Nerve, and drawn aright,
 Short is the winged Arrow's upward flight ;
 But if an Eagle it transfix on high,
 Lodg'd in the wound, it soars into the sky.

Thus while I sing Thee with unequal lays,
 And wound perhaps that Worth I mean to praise ;
 Yet I transcend my self, I rise in Fame,
 Not lifted by my Genius, but my Theme,

No more: for in this dread suspense of Fate,
Now Kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark Debate,
Weigh Peace and War, now *Europe's* Eyes are bent
On mighty *Brunswick*, for the Great event,
Brunswick of Kings the Terror or Defence!
Who dares detain *Thee* at a World's expence?

F I N I S.





